

# PAMELA.

*Wm A Glegg*

## COMEDY.

As it is Perform'd, *GRATIS*,

[ AT THE

LATE THEATRE

IN

GOODMAN'S-FIELDS.



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L O N D O N :

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# P R O L O G U E.

Spoke by a GENTLEMAN.

**A**S in the airy Regions of Romance,  
Th' adventurous Knight sets out with Shield  
and Lance,

Strait his disinterested Valour flies  
To helpless Damsels, and to Beauty's Cries ;  
This only Motive rising in his Breast,  
The Godlike plea — of Innocence distress'd.  
Thus dares our Author-errant of To-night  
In Virtue's aid romantically fight ;  
Sacred to her, the Champion pen he draws,  
Enough rewarded to support her Cause,  
To-night his honest Labour means to prove,  
A low born Virtue worth a great Man's Love ;  
An honest pride, where conscious Honour glows,  
An artless Innocence — whence Truth still flows,  
A Sense proceeding but from Nature's Light,  
(For little Knowledge serves us to be right)  
A Merit greatly poor, that far outshines  
The Glare of Titles, or the Wealth of mines.  
Such steadfast Honesty should find success  
O'er the abandon'd authors of distress,  
O'er those who glory to betray a Maid,  
Who welcome Guilt, and make deceit a Trade.  
Yet some there are less liable to blame,  
Who only want Reflection to reclaim,  
Who bend unthinking to the Syren's voice,  
The Reprobates of Custom, not of Choice ;  
Who deaf to Precept, plead Example still,  
And think the Mode indemnifies the Ill.  
To such our Author offers this address,  
Not certain nor despairing of success ;  
Amongst this Cast of Men he hopes to find  
Some Converts — for the Honour of Mankind ;  
On Minds like these his Morals may prevail,  
And who escap'd a Sermon, feel this Tale.

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Belvile  
Jack Smatter  
Mr. Williams  
Longman  
Colebrand  
John Arnold  
Andrews  
Robin  
Harry  
Isaac  
Benjamin  
Arthur

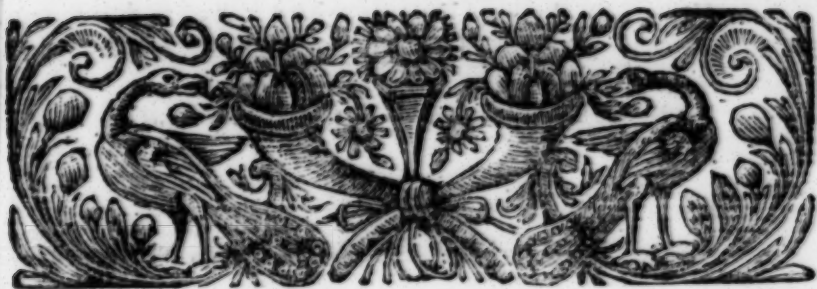
Mr. Giffard.  
A Gentleman.  
Mr. W. Giffard.  
Mr. Paget.  
Mr. Blakes.  
Mr. Aunstall.  
Mr. Peterson.  
Mr. Crofts.  
Mr. Julian.  
Mr. Vaughan.  
Mr. Clough.  
Mr. Naylor.

## W O M E N.

Pamela  
Lady Davers  
Mrs. Jervis  
Mrs. Jewkes  
Jane  
Cicely  
Hannah  
Rachael  
Pnnice

Mrs. Giffard.  
Mrs. Bambridge.  
Mrs. Yates.  
Mr. Yates.  
Miss Hippisley.  
Miss Medina.  
Mrs. Dunstall.  
Mrs. Vallois.  
Mrs. Bishop.





# P A M E L A.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ISAAC, HARRY, BENJAMIN, and ARTHUR.

*Isaac.* **M**ERCY on us! why this House is going to be turn'd topsy-turvy, to be sure!  
*Harry.* Why did not I tell thee some strange Combustion would happen from my Dream?

*Isaac.* Nay, to be sure, Dreams, Dreams are great Prognosticators.

*Harry.* Prognosticators! Ay, marry, be they; they never fail'd me yet.

*Ben.* Nor me; for ye all know the very next Day after I dreamt; I fell into the Horse pond, and Arthur here took me out half drown'd, and brought me to the Kitchen Fire, and, methought, being mortal weak, I fell out of the Chair, and was scorch'd most fearfully; and to be sure the next Day.....

ay

ay .... the very next Day .... was I taken with the Ague and Fever.

*Arth.* Why, my Book of Dreams gives 'mazing Accounts of Robbers being taken, and Murders brought to Light seven Years after they were done.

*Isaac.* To be sure—to be sure: But, prithee, *Harry*, tell us thy Dream.

*Ben.*

*Arth.* } Ay, let's hear it, let's hear it.

*Harry.* Why, last Market-day I came home, as 'twere a little tipsy, and laid me down i'th' Stable, on a Truss of Straw, and fell fast asleep; and there, what should I dream, but that our House was turn'd into a Windmill.

All. Merciful, Sirs!

*Harry.* Ay, a Windmill,———and that Mrs. Jewkes, Maiter's Lincolnshire House-keeper, was the Miller's Man, and we four, to be sure, turn'd into Asses——and——murrain take her——nothing wou'd serve her turn, but she would have us to draw in place o' th' Horses;——but methought we were plaguy resty——for, to be sure, never was the like heard of; and Jirk us about she did most cruelly.

*Isaac.* Ay, they say, she's a mortal cross Woman——Well, well but so.

*Harry.* So, methought, at a little distance from the Mill, was good Mrs. *Jervis*, our House-keeper here, and pretty Mrs. *Pamela*, my Lady's waiting woman, witheach a Bundle under their Arms, as if so be they were going to seek their Fortune:——And is not all this now plainly made out——is not the whole House in a Quandary, and a terrible Up roar?——Is not the Squire, as it were, turn'd to another sort of a Man, and mainly alter'd for the worse? And are not Mrs. *Jervis* and Mrs. *Pamela* discharged out of their Service, and ordered to gather up their Things, and provide themselves?

*Isaac.* Ay, and does not Mr. *Longman*, the Steward, say the Squire talks of sending for that same Mistress Jewkes?

*Ben.* Ay———and then comes our Share of this woeful Dream.

*Harry.* Well, but, my Lads, I have some sweet to my bitter too——I over heard Master *Longman* tells Mrs. *Jervis*, the 'Squire was looking out for a Wife, and that will be a rare Time for Vails, for to be sure we shall have more Comers and Goers than a Beehive in a Summer's Day.

*Arth.*

*Artb.* Ay, marry, those wou'd be joyful Times, indeed, and I wish, with all my Heart, the poor dear Souls, Mrs. *Jervis* and Mrs. *Pamela* were to stay and take part.

*Benj.* What a murrain makes the 'Squire in such a Fluster with them tho'?

*Harry.* Why you must know Mrs. *Pamela*, they say, has been a little too bold, and given Master untoward Answers,—and you know he's deadly haughty and passionate—but, poor Soul, I wonder how it should chance so, for to be sure I never heard her give any living Soul in the House a wry Word.

*Isaac.* Nor I—she's as gentle as a Lamb.

*Benj.* No more Gall than a Pidgeon.

*Harry.* Why so Mrs. *Jervis* told Master, and talk'd a little roundly they say, which made his Honour in such a desperate Passion, that he order'd her to provide too——Odheart, that same *Pamela*'s a dainty Girl——but deadly shy: I don't think a Servant in the House durst ever give her so much as a civil Salute.

*Isaac.* Well, well, no matter for that, she's a precious good-natur'd Soul——Odfo, here's the Steward and Mrs. *Jervis*——she's giving up her Charge,——and 'twon't become us to be seen loitering here.

*Omnes.* Away, away.—

(*Exeunt*;

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Mr. Longman and Mrs. Jervis.*

Mrs. *Jerv.* I hope, Mr. *Longman*, you find every thing properly and justly accounted for.

Mr. *Long.* So justly, good Mrs. *Jervis*, that I am under great Concern to find my Master's Warmth of Temper so little consistent with his Interest, to discharge a Person from his Family who has many Years with such Prudence and Justice so well acquitted her Trust.

Mrs. *Jerv.* Your Approbation of my Conduct, Mr. *Longman*, (next to that of our Master's) is it best Justification.

Mr. *Long.* You have more than that, good Mrs. *Jervis*, the Approbation and good Wishes of the whole Family, which seldom go hand in hand with a Frugality like your's, for the good Opinion of the lower Servants in a Family is rarely obtain'd but by Indulgencies hurtful to the Interest of its Master——And I cou'd wish you'd give me Leave (for the

the Advantage and Pleasure of our's) so solicit Mr. *Belville* for your Continuance.

Mrs. *Ferv.* Why, Mr. *Longman*, there are many prevailing Reasons to accept with Pleasure your kind Offer—And what I am apt to think may induce his Honour not to reject it, is the Removal of the dear, unhappy, tho' innocent Occasion of his Resentment to me.

Mr. *Long.* The lovely *Pamela* you mean! Oh, Mrs. *Fervis*! there is I fear another Motive which your Discretion and Regard to my Master's Honour has concealed, that renders his Resentment, as you call it, inexcusable to both.

Mrs. *Ferv.* But his complying with the good Girl's earnest Request to be sent home to her Father and Mother, is, I think, a sufficient Proof of his Resolution no longer to entertain such Thoughts that might (as you but too justly suspect) prove hurtful to dear *Pamela's* Virtue and his own Honour.

Mr. *Long.* 'Tis true—and I am heartily rejoiced to find the Temptation will be remov'd from both, for 'twould be a hard task, Mrs. *Fervis*, for poor *Pamela*, strong as she is in Virtue, to withstand the artful insinuating Shares, of a handsome wealthy Man, like our Master, and I fear a much harder for him to overcome his too warm Desire for so tempting an Object, where they have constant Opportunities of seeing each other.

Mr. *Ferv.* I shou'd have few Fears of her Side, were I certain he would employ no other Power than Persuasion.

Mr. *Long.* Why I think the young Creature's almost unequal'd, by any of her tender Years, in the Principles of Piety and Virtue—And it warms my very Heart, that one so young should so earnestly prefer sharing the Poverty of her good Parents, with the Preservation of her Honesty, to all the enticing Baits of Finery and Grandeur, with the loss of it—but, however, 'tis better as it is—But 'tis now pretty near the Time his Honour order'd me to attend him in his Closet with your Accounts, and then I'll make bold to tell him my Opinion, in relation to you. Mrs. *Fervis*, a good Day to you.

Mrs. *Ferv.* And to you, worthy Mr. *Longman*.

*Exeunt.*

S C E N E



## SCENE III.

*Belville alone.*

How weakly founded is the Opinion that Happiness is seated in large Possessions; tho' till lately I have had but little Reason to descent from that Opinion, and have ever made my Fortune subservient to my Pleasure—and shall I now suffer a peevish low-born Girl to interrupt their Course, and with the musty Principles of Virtue preach me from my Purpose?——No! I am determin'd not to sacrifice my Pursuits of Pleasure and substantial Joy to her wild imaginary Notions of Virtue and Honour.—'Tis certainly the first Time they ever took such a deep Root in a Cottage, and I'll yet try if I have not Force enough to destroy these wondrous rural Battlements, and reduce the romantic Governor to capitulate.

## SCENE IV.

*Belville and Longman.*

*Belv.* Well, Mr. Longman, have you look'd over this insolent House-keeper's Accounts.

*Long.* Yes, Sir, and find them in every Article just to a Tittle—and I hope, Sir, you'll not be offended if I presume to say, I fear 'twill be difficult for your Honour to meet with a Servant with less Insolence and so much Fidelity.

*Belv.* Why thou imaginest the chief Merit of Servants consists in their Honesty.

*Long.* I confess, Sir, I think it is so in all Mankind.

*Belv.* 'Tis a sign thou hast convers'd but little with the gay World.—Amongst them the strongest Cement of Regard is the mutual indulgence of each others Pleasure—and Morals make up no Part of their Friendships.—~~But~~ In Servants, ~~it is~~ an absolute Duty, to conform to their Master's Foibles, and shew an implicit Obedience to all his Commands—

*Long.* May I take the Liberty, Sir, of giving my Opinion on this Head- tho' it differs from your's?

*Belv.* Ay, freely.

*Long.* Why then, Sir, were it possible, and I think it hardly so, that your Honour should impose any Commands on me, which my little Portion of Reason informed me would prove prejudicial to your Morals, Character, and Reputation, I should think myself as much bound in Duty to reject such Commands, and use my weak Endeavours to convince you of their Consequence, as I have thought myself



self bound to obey you in all you have hitherto been pleas'd to honour me with.

*Belv.* Sure this old Fellow has no Suspicion of my Attempts on *Pamela*. (*aside.*) But, Mr. *Longman*, do you think me capable of imposing any Commands on Mrs. *Fervis* that might prove pernicious to my Honour.

*Long.* Pardon me, good Sir—you were pleas'd to mention an implicit Duty necessary in Servants, and that drew from me my Opinion.

*Belv.* Perhaps I might——but 'as the Sentiments of others, not my own—and I am so well convinced of Mrs. *Fervis*'s Regard both to my Honour and Interest, that now my Passion has subsided, were she to make a Concession I would restore her.

*Long.* Sir, she makes the humblest, and by me intreats your Goodness to replace her.

*Belv.* Did she employ you for that Purpose?

*Long.* She did, Sir, and I hope not in vain.

*Belv.* Well, she may continue—but I'll be sworn you have no such Commission from that obstinate Baggage *Pamela*.

*Long.* No, Sir,—the poor young Creature is so much transported with the Thoughts of returning, and paying her Duty to her good Parents, she seems little employed about any other Concern, yet often expresses the most grateful Acknowledgments for the Bountiful Favours bestowed on her by you, Sir, and my good Lady your Mother.

*Belv.* You mistake her, *Longman*—she's quite insensible to all Gratitude, and looks upon 'em meerly as due to her great Merit.

*Long.* Merit, Sir! with Submission I have always observ'd in her the greatest Meekness and Humility, and that's the Character the whole Family give her.

*Belv.* Ay, she's a very Idol with you all—but no more of her—Order *Robin* my *Lincolnshire* Coachman to attend me—Hence.

*Long.* I shall, Sir—

(*Exit.*)

## SCENE V.

*Belvile* alone.

I find, in spite of all my Pride and Resolution, this little Gipsy is still fluttering round my Heart—have her I must—yet I see but slender Hopes of a Compliance—and Force is base and brutal—not would I give Six-pence for her Person without her Inclination.—Ah! I am far gone, that's plain—heretofore Minds had no Share in my Amours—  
—Sdeath

# PAMELA

--- 'Sdeath I shall turn an errant whining Coxcomb--- Well,  
 ---and perhaps that may sooner bring Madam about, than  
 the haughty commanding Airs I have given myself---for  
 she has a gentle Softness about her,

*That Pride will sooner startle than engage,  
 The soothing Trap's the surest at her Age.* (Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*John Arnold booted, with a Letter.*

'Pth' Name of ill Luck, how came the 'Squire to pick  
 me out for this untowardly Job-----A murrain on't, to be  
 sure he read in my Face, I was falsehearted-----tho' I can't  
 call to mind any foul Play--- save this---I ever did to the  
 poorest Mortal breathing---and this,---more out of Fear,  
 than any ill Will towards the Parties---for to be sure they  
 ne'er deserv'd it at my Hands---for to say Truth, there  
 is not a better well-natur'd young body in this County, or  
 the next, than Mrs. *Pamela*---and would melt a Heart  
 of Stone to see the good old Folks her Parents, take on  
 about her---and good notable Folk they are---Adod! the  
 old Man wou'd ha' made a special Parson!-----Well! to  
 be sure if any of 'em should do otherwise than well, for  
 want of these plaguy Letters his Honour has ta'en from me,  
 I shall never be able to sleep in a Room by myself---Hey  
 day! why what a dickens be all the Wenches got together  
 for, I trow--- I'll step aside, and hearken. (Retires.

## SCENE VII.

*Rachel, Jane, Hannah, Cicely, and John Arnold.*

*Rach.* Well, to sure, this is joyful News!---

*Jane.* By my troth, the best News we've had t'Year.

*Han.* I shou'd not be more overjoy'd at a new Sweet-  
 heart.

*Cicely.* Sweetheart! I fakes, I don't think I should  
 have been half so merry had I been married.

*Rach.* May I never be married, if I believe thee.

*Jane.* } Nor I.

*Han.* }

*Rach.* For certain, Mrs *Jervis* is a mighty good sort of  
 a Woman, and we are all overjoy'd she stays; but there's  
 no manner of Comparison between a Man, and a Woman.

*Jane.* } None at all, none at all.  
*Han.* }

---(John

*John.* I can't make out what they are in this taking for—*(comes forward)* How now my Lasses! what's all this Merriment about?

*Cicely.* To be sure he has not heard it!

*Jane.* Why, where hast thou been moping—not to hear the happiest Tidings, that ever came to Hall?

*John.* What Tidings?

*All.* Why Mrs. *Jewkes*--

*John.* Is dead I hope---

*All.* No, no, no, no:

*John.* One at a time, good Lasses, one at a time,

*Cicely.* Why then Mrs. *Jewkes*— who put us all in such a dismal Pucker about his Honour's sending for her hither, is to stay where she is, and Mrs. *Jervis* holds her own, and keeps her Place.

*John.* Why marry these are joyful Tidings indeed, for that same Mrs. *Jewkes* would have made fearful Work—for my part, I'd have look'd out for a new Service,

*All.* And I.

*Cicely.* Now if Mrs. *Pamela* were but to stay too, we shou'd be as happy as the Day's long.

*Jane.* Ah! she'll ne'er bring her proud Heart down to ask.

*Han.* Why I wonder, *Jane*, how it shou'd fall out so, but the poor young Body never had half so good a Word from thee, as from all the rest of her Fellow-Servants.

*John.* Why because she's envious, and can't endure to hear all the Servants praise the young Woman, her Good-nature, and her featly Person.

*Jane.* Perhaps there are People who may think others as featly as she.

*Cicely.* And if there were, poor Soul, I'll be sworn she'd bear 'em no Malice.

*Han.* Ay, but you know, *Jane* has a sneaking Kindness for our *Harry*, and ever since he praised Mrs. *Pamela* so hugely one Night in the Kitchen, *Jane* cou'd never endure the Sight of her.

*Jane.* Who told you forsooth, I had a sneaking Kindness for *Harry*?

*Han.* Why the Fortune-tellers told us all so, for she describ'd *Harry* to a hair, and you redden'd up to the Eyes, and was as shamefac'd, as if she had told you, you were breeding.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Jane.*

*Jane.* The Father! why you're all full of your Jeers! and may hap I could jeer upon others if I was minded to't.

*Han.* Say your worst of me, I put you to Defiance.

*All.* And I.

*John.* Come, come, Lasses, ne'er wrangle who has a mind to fall to first——I'll pass my Word none of you design to lead Apes in Hell, as they say——Come, let's go and take part of the Bowl Master *Jonathan.* the Butler, has prepared for us all, to drink a good Journey to Mrs. *Pamela,* and her well-being with her Father and Mother.

And then, we'll drink, that ev'ry Lad and Lass  
Be ask'd i' th' Church, before the Summer pass.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the First Act.*



A C T



# PAMELA



## ACT II. SCENE I.]

*Pamela discover'd at a Table, folding up a Letter.*

**W**ELL! my dear Father and Mother, thank Heaven, this will be the last Scrowl you'll be troubled with, from your poor *Pamela*! and I have no Fears about me, but that I shall return to you, innocent, as your Wishes, and my own——Tho' Heaven has been pleas'd to put me upon the severest Trials for its Preservation——But let me not repine! No, my Heart should rather overflow with Thankfulness at my happy, blest Deliverance, and my Master's Resolution, in permitting me to return to my dear Parents, with that Blessing which will cheer their honest Minds, and make 'em shed Tears of Joy and Gladness over their innocent Child, tho' almost beat down with Poverty and old Age.

*[Wiping her Eyes.]*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Mrs. Fervis.*

*Ferv.* What, still disconsolate, my dear *Pamela*? I thought thy Heart had now been easy, and thou hadst done with Tears.

*Pam.* With all that gave me Pain, I hope I have; but these, Mrs. *Fervis*, fall from a quite different Cause; the reflecting on the comfortable Joy, I shall both give and receive, in meeting my good old Parents.

*Mrs. Ferv.* Well! thou art a Miracle of Innocence and Duty, I shall never be able to bear the House when thou art gone——'twill break my Heart——but let me hear from thee, my dearest *Pamela*, and don't forget me.

*Pam.* Dear Mrs. *Fervis*, I shou'd have little Title to that Goodness and Merit you have often praised in me, could I be capable of forgetting that tender, and even motherly Affection you have always shewn me; and be assur'd, next the Love and Duty I owe my dear Parents, you have the largest Share in the Heart of poor *Pamela*, who can only testify her Gratitude by Words.

*Ferv.*



*Jerv.* Dearest Child, I want no other Proofs ; but my good Girl, why dost thou keep on these Cloaths still ; are you resolv'd to go in them ?

*Pam.* Ay, no doubt—they are the properest ; these I can wear without Reproach from my poor Neighbours, or to myself, as the Fruit of Innocence alone, and honest Industry.

*Jerv.* Why so you may many others, my good old Lady gave you.

*Pam.* No ; they'll all appear too fine and flaunting for my humble Station ; nor when they are gone, can the Circumstances of my poor Parents afford me any like 'em.

*Jerv.* Thou art a dear prudent Soul——Well, *Pamela*, his Honour has ordered the Travelling-Chariot to carry you, and *Lincolnshire Robin* to drive ; but he directed me to tell you, he must see you before you go, and that he has something particular to advise you about.

*Pam.* What ! am I to undergo more Persecution ? I hoped he wou'd have suffer'd me to depart, with that Ease and Quietness of Mind into which I had compos'd myself.

*Jerv.* Don't be alarm'd, my Dear—he seems quite changed, and reflected with great Concern upon the Injuries he had offer'd you ; and I verily think you might even venture to stay, which with a very serious, grave Look, he ordered me to tell you, you might, if you thought fit, without the least Apprehensions of his renewing his Attempts upon you.

*Pam.* That may be true—and for his Sake, I hope it is ; but staying, I am sure, wou'd be a strong Inducement to the renewing his Attempts, since that would give him sufficient Reason to conclude, my resenting his Treatment was, what I have heard it called, the little Artifice and Cunning of my Sex—and not a determin'd Resolution to preserve my Innocence.

*Jerv.* Well, thou art best able to distinguish, and I'll not pretend to give my Advice, where there's such Prudence and Understanding——but I think, however, 'twill be right to see him, since he has request'd it in such a manner.

*Pam.* Wou'd he had not request'd it ; for notwithstanding this Alteration of Behaviour, you describe, my Apprehensions of seeing him, bring back, to my Remembrance, all his pernicious Plots, and barbarous Usage of me—and yet, if I refuse it, he'll reproach me with *Insolence* and *Ingratitude*, and a Multitude of Crimes my poor Heart's a Stranger to.

*Jerv.* Come, come my dear *Pamela*, be comforted, I am certain you may see him safely, and that his Repentance is sincere.

*Pam.*

*Pam.* Heav'n grant it may.

But still my Heart is torn with anxious Pain,  
And doubt his Power, his Virtue to maintain.

*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*Belvile alone.*

If I can't prevail upon this little Baggage to stay, I shall have a rare ringing Lecture from my outrageous Sister; she'll conclude I have stormed the Fort, and not finding the Plunder answer my Expectation, have just carried off what I thought most valuable, and left the commanding Officer to dispose of what remains in the best manner she can.—But 'tis a Question, faith, whether the Lady will think fit to do me the Honour of an *Interview*—and to confess the Truth, I have given her pretty substantial Reasons to be alarmed—O! here comes *Mademoiselle la Governante*.

*Enter Mrs. Jervis.*

Well, Mrs. *Jervis*, did you let Mrs. *Pamela* know I desired to see her before she went.

*Jerv.* Yes, Sir and she attends without to wait your Commands.

*Belv.* Bid her come in ——— Stay ————I'll go myself.

*Jerv.* Wou'd to Heaven the poor Creature were safe at Home.  
[*Exit.*]

### S C E N E IV.

*Belvile and Pamela.*

*Belv.* Pr'thee, dear *Pamela*, what needs all this Ceremony now, You should no longer look upon yourself in the Character of a Servant?

*Pam.* It would be the highest Presumption, Sir, to consider myself in any other Character, and the Remembrance of it will always fill me with the most grateful, pleasing, Thoughts.

*Belv.* If the bare Recollection can furnish such pleasing Ideas, I should conclude the Continuance of the Possession might be desirable—and that—*Pamela*, wholly depends upon your own Choice.

*Pam.* Persons in my humble State of Life, Sir, ought very seldom, if at all, govern their Actions by their Choice; nay, sometimes even those of high Condition, are apt to make very fatal

fatal Mistakes by a too blind Obedience to their Choice, in the Pursuit of what they call Pleasures.

*Belv.* Ha! well said, my little Remembrancer—I assure you, canted forth with great Solemnity—Egad, *I* fancy the good old Lady my Mother, mistook both thy Sex and Genius, and instead of teaching thee to raise Paste, and make Cordials, thou should'st have been instructed in administering spiritual Comforts—and a smart pretty *Levite* thou hadst been. S'dearth, you Baggage, what Havock you'd have made amongst the Maids.

*Pam.* Mrs. *Jervis* inform'd me, Sir, you had something to say to me of a more serious Sort.

*Belv.* Why you little wicked Slut, can any Thing be more serious than turning Parson; but *I* have something very serious to say to thee, 'tis upon Matrimony, and if that is not a serious Subject, *I* am at a Loss to furnish one. In short, *Pamela*, *I* have been thinking to make thee some Amends, for all the Rogues Tricks *I* have play'd thee, by getting thee a good Husband; *I* have a Chaplain in *Lincolnshire*, *I* have promised to provide for—one *Williams*, he's a likely young Fellow, if you'll stay *I*'ll send for him directly, the Parson has Taste, and, *I*'m sure must be struck with all this Youth and Beauty, (*kisses her*)—S'dearth! *I* could almost marry thee myself.

*Pam.* Sir, *I* beg you'll give me Leave to withdraw.

*Belv.* You shan't stir, by Heaven.

*Pam.* Then *I* must take the Liberty to insist, Sir, upon a different Behaviour.

*Belv.* Well, well, it shall have its own Humour; but what say you to this Parson, Child?

*Pam.* *I* say, Sir, *I* think the Subject in general of too solemn a kind, to be treated of, in the light manner you are pleas'd to express yourself; and as to my particular Thoughts of it—I have never yet entertained any, nor, cou'd *I* suppose you serious in what you say, have *I* a Right to entertain such Thoughts, without first receiving the Approbation of those who have an undoubted Power over my Mind and Person.

*Belv.* Well, *I*'ll immediately send word to your Father of my Intention, and, if he concurs, desire him to come hither directly.

*Pam.* Sir, in an Act of such Importance, 'tis certainly my Duty first to make a personal Application, and 'twill be necessary *I* shou'd myself have some longer time to reflect upon an Act, on which the future Happiness or Misery of my Life depends; therefore, Sir, *I* hope *I* have Leave to pursue my Resolution of returning home.

Bel. Well, Madam, since my Friendship meets with so ungrateful a Reception, you are at Liberty to pursue what Resolutions you please.

Pam. I humbly thank you, Sir; but let me intreat you not to think so hardly of the unhappy *Pamela*, low as she is, to interpret that ungrateful, which was the Effect of Duty, and a desire to enjoy that Liberty, which even Slaves are allow'd on such Occasions.

Belv. Come, come, Insolent; I see plainly, under all this Mask of Duty, there lurks a base arrogant Suspicion of my Sincerity in the Proposal—but be assur'd—

Enter *Harry*.

*Har.* Lady Davers Sir, is just alighted.

Belv. I'll wait upon her.

(Exit *Harry*.)

The Chariot, Madam, is ready to wait upon you when you please.

Pam. My humblest Acknowledgments, Sir, for this, and every other bounteous Favour I have received, I have no power to express, but by these silent Witneses of their Sincerity and Truth.

(Exit weeping.)

Belv. Certainly, Art and Nature were never so agreeably blended, as in this Creature; every Moment I find myself more deeply affected by her, and the oftner I turn, am but the farther entangled in this Labyrinth—'Slife! I had forgot my Sister—O! here she comes, and if I'm not mistaken, in a Disposition to refresh my Memory a little.

Enter Lady Davers and Smatter.

L. Dav. I am extremely sorry, Sir, my impertinent Visit has broke in upon your more agreeable Amusements, and a Conversation so polite as that of your Servants must necessarily afford—but I only just step'd up, to convince you—

Belv. That you are in a violent Warmth, without one Jot of Reason; prithee, dear Child, endeavour to subdue these boisterous Passions, and recollect the Advice I have often given you: Ever to distinguish between the easy dispassionate Behaviour, proper for a Woman of Quality, and the turbulent Outrage of the Ladies, who have received their Education about *Covent Garden*.

Smat. Egad, that's a Stinger. Ha, ha, ha! (Aside.)

L. Dav. By the Company that just now left you, Sir, and the extraordinary Delicacy in expressing yourself, one might reasonably conclude truly, the Creatures you mention had engross'd the largest Share of your Conversation.

Belv. Why ay, Child, you know one can't avoid giving great part of one's Time to so near a Relation as a Sister. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Dav



L. Dav. Sir!

Belv. Nay, nay, my dear Lady Davers, you must be laugh'd out of these ridiculous Flights.

Smat. Why, upon my Soul, Sir!—

Belv. Sir, pray excuse me, upon my Word I did not see you.

Smat. Why, 'faith, Sir, I did imagine the lively Brilliancy of my Lady's Fire, had, as it were, struck upon the visionary Nerves, and obscured me from Observation.

L. Dav. Insolent Coxcomb! dar'st thou to affront me with thy saucy Raillery?

Smat. Let me perish, Madam, but 'tis extremely severe to construe the Effects of Wit and Genius into an Affront.

Belv. Upon my Word, my dear, this Resentment is most unreasonably founded—Pamela, who is returning to her Father, just before your Coach stop'd, was come to pay her Compliment of Leave, and I was only just giving her a short Lesson of *Instruction* for her future Conduct, and—

L. Dav. Yes, yes, I make no doubt, she has received very notable Lessons of Instruction, which will shortly produce speaking instances of her Tutor's Care.

Belv. Upon my Honour, you injure both the Girl and me; I think her sincerely virtuous, and possessed of every other Quality that should compose the Amiable and Good, and more particularly so, in her high Sense of Duty to her Parents, which so remarkably appears, in giving up her advantageous Situation in my Family, to return to their Comfort and Assistance, who it seems are in a very advanced and declining Age.

L. Dav. Nay, I promise you I have a much better Opinion of the Girl than you, and if she has preserved her innocence, 'tis wholly owing to her own Conduct and Prudence.

Belv. Well, I'll not dispute the point with you; what think you of a Turn in the Garden before Tea?

L. Dav. No, I choose to see this Girl before she goes—Pray order some body to send her to me.

Belv. With all my Heart——Sir, do you choose walking?

Smat. By all means, Sir, I wait upon you with infinite Pleasure.

(Exit Belv. and Smat.)

L. Dav. Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, I am convinced, there must be some very particular Reasons for this Girl's leaving the Family, more than he cares I should be acquainted with; my Authority over her may



perhaps influence her, to give me some farther Light into this Affair.

Enter Pamela.

Pam. Has your Ladyship any Commands for me?

L. Da. Ay, Child, my Brother tells me you are leaving the Family, I am concerned at the Occasion.

Pam. 'Tis an Occasion, Madam, that to me affords a double Motive for Concern, the leaving a Family where I have rather been indulg'd like a Child, than treated as a Servant, and the unhappy melancholy Cause that renders my leaving it unavoidable.

L. Dav. Why, ay, I'm afraid 'tis an unhappy melancholly Cause indeed—But, Child, is it not rather of the latest to reflect upon that now?

Pam. The latest! Heav'n forbid!

L. Dav. Invoking Heav'n is presumptuous, while we are apparently under its Resentment.

Pam. Surely. Madam, 'tis no presumption in a Child to supplicate Heav'n in the Defence of its afflicted Parents.

L. Dav. Ha! she has her Lesson thoroughly perfect, why that's mighty pretty truly; but, Child, those little Arts won't do with me, I see thro' them

Pam. I am sorry, Madam, you think me fall'n so deep in Wickedness, to affect a Sorrow, where the strongest Ties of Duty and Religion enforce the tenderest and most sincere.

L. Dav. You would then really persuade me, that you have no other Motive for leaving this Family, but Duty to your Parents forsooth?

Pam. Your Ladyship must think me guilty of the highest Ingratitude and Folly, to be induced to leave it from any Reasons that arise from want of Countenance or Indulgence.

L. Dav. No, no——I'm only afraid you've had too much Countenance and Indulgence.

Pam. I hope, Madam, that has not appeared in any Part of my Behaviour.

L. Dav. Then plainly—I imagine my Brother and you——

Pam. Madam, I must humbly take the Liberty to interrupt your Ladyship, and prevent a Charge, which nothing but the Guilt of, cou'd so sensibly shock me, as the bare Suspicion—and I hope my Innocence will plead for my Presumption.

Enter Harry.

Harry. Mrs. Pamela, Mrs. Jervis order'd me to let you know the Chariot is ready.

L. Dav.

L. Dav. Indeed!

(Exit Harry.)

Pam. Madam, I humbly take my Leave.

L. Dav. Well, *Pamela*, I hope my Suspensions are without Foundation; and that you deserve my best Wishes for your Welfare, which you may always depend upon, while you maintain your Character of Innocence.

Pam. Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.

(Exit,

Lady Davers alone.

The Chariot!—— This particular Mark of Favour is not without its particular Motives, I am convinc'd; and yet in the Girl's Behaviour there really appeared no Signs of Guilt—— However, I am determin'd to make a strict Enquiry after her Ladyship's Conduct at her Father's, and what Rambles and Jaunts my good Brother takes—— They shall manage their Affairs cunningly indeed, if they disguise 'em from my Knowledge—— And if they do carry on any sicerer Correspondence—— I'll take Care it sha'n't long Continue so, I warrant me. (Exit,

Enter Smatter.

Ha, ha, ha! Yonder's poor *Belville*, dying for Love of his own Maid, and can't subdue her harden'd Heart; Ha, ha, ha!—— What weak trifling Mortals some Men of Fortune are—— If this Abigail is really coy, she has certainly seen some more desirable Object—— A Girl, with a Country Education, may have Taste, and who knows what Effects my frequent Visits may have made upon her—— I'll pursue the Thought, faith—— But then *Belville* is my Friend—— True—— But then *Pamela* is warm, young and tempting; and the Fashion, thanks to the polite Taste of the Age, will excuse the Consequences; so, my dear *Pammy*, have at you—— Ha! here she comes a propos.

*Pamela crossing the Stage, Smatter meets her.*

So, my little *Pammy*! What! equip'd for thy Journey? And art thou really, Child, so extremely stupid, to leave the Pleasure and Gaiety of this Family, for thy old Daddy's thatch'd Hovel, and the comfortable Diet of brown Bread and rusty Bacon?

Pam. My Pleasures, Sir, thank Heaven, have turn'd more upon the Improvement and Correction of my Mind, than the Gratifications of my Appetite.

*Smatter.*

*Smat.* Harkee, Child, what Religion's your Fathers of?  
 ——— A rank Papist I'll hold fifty Pound! and my little Pammy here intended for a Nun—for such Doctrine, Child, is fit only for a Convent, or a stale Maid of five and thirty.

*Pam.* I think it, Sir, a Doctrine suitable to every Religion and Age; and if the young Gentlemen of Condition wou'd practise it a little more, they might often perserve a good Constitution, at the Expence of a very bad Fashion.

*Smat.* Rat me, Child, but thy Head's stuff'd with mighty odd Conceits—Bur, harkee, Pammy—

*Pam.* Sir, I must beg Pardon, I am waited for—

*Smat.* Egad! if I had you a Month in London, I'd give you a smart Lesson or two, should quickly convert all this musty Prudery, into the most sprightly Coquetry that ever shew'd off at high Mall in the Park.

*Pam.* I'm better pleas'd, Sir, with my own homely Behaviour—Your very humble Servant, Sir. (Exit.

*Smat. alone.*

Well, thou art a most extraordinary Creature, and such a one, that has not fall'n in the Course of my Acquaintance; if I were to describe this Girl's odd Principles to the Smarts in Town, they'd swear I only intended to bam'em, and could never form the most distant Idea of such an amazing Composition, as Beauty, Sense, Sixteen, and profound Gravity.

*But, Madam Nature, in a haughty Fit,  
 Decreed, these jarring Qualities should hit;  
 As those in me, of Modesty and Wit.* }

(Exit.

*Enter Belvile and Robin.*

*Belv.* You perfectly understand your Instructions?

*Rob.* Yes, an't please your Honour.

*Belv.* Well, discharge 'em properly, and I'll reward you—but take particular Care in being punctual to the Time I have directed you to deliver the Letter to Pamela.

*Rob.* I shall, Sir.

*Belv.* Well, I believe she now only waits for you, be gone. Exit.

*Belvile alone.*

This Scheme I think, can't but prove effectual;—at my Lincolnshire House, she'll be remov'd from the prying Jealousy of my inquisitive Sister, and the impertinent Observation of such a Number of Servants: And, if I'm not mistaken, my Friend Mrs. Jewkes has not altogether so many ualm

Qualms, as the sanctify'd Mrs. *Jervis*—Ay---I think 'twill do---but the Pleasure of considering, I shall so intirely have her in my Power, is not a little disturb'd, by reflecting how terribly the poor Creature will be shock'd, at finding that Innocence betray'd, she has so long, and worthily defended ---Ha,---worthily! And am I endeavouring to destroy that Worth, I cannot help admiring?---- To what irrational Lengths does this Passion hurry us? What is this Medley of Honour and impetuous Inclinations,

*That thus alternately my Breast alarms,  
Which now so sharply stings, and now so strongly charms?*

*End of the Second Act.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Mrs. *Jewkes* and *Robin*.

Jewk. **W**ELL, *Robert*, I profess thou hast brought me a delicate tender Lambkin, and a careful diligent Shepherd, I'll prove to't, I'll warrant me---but alack, it does so bleet, and bleet---as if the little Heart on't wou'd burst---ah! the 'Squire, *Robert*, loves a young Tit Bit; but I vow he's a sinful Man to undo such a young innocent Body---let him look to that, tho'---we are but Servants.

*Rob.* Althouf I am but a Servant, an I had not believ'd he designed for Matrimony, I wou'd not have underta'en the Job of bringing her off.

Jewk. Matrimony---alack a day, *Robert*, dost thou think so fine a Gentleman as our Master wou'd undervalue his Family so much to marry his Mother's Waiting-woman? no, no, perhaps he may indeed design to give out they are married, quiet the young Woman's Mind a little, but I'll warrant he'll ne'er let the Noose be drawn so tight, but he may slip it whenever he pleases.

*Rob.* For my part, if any thing amifs shou'd happen to the poor young Woman, I shall never be my own Man again---and she's mortal fearful on't---poor Soul twou'd make one's Heart bleed to see her take on so.

Jewk.



Jewk. *I warrant when the 'Squire comes, he'll change her Nore—young Girls are always sugeamish and coy before hand—I remember I was so myself—Good lack! good lack! what a Racket did I keep! and to say Truth, I wou'd I had been more chary than I was—for a faithless Wretch I met with—well! he has a deal to answer for.*

Rob. *I cod, and so he has, if he as all your Sins to answer for.* (Aside.)

Enter Annice.

Jewk: Well, Ann, how didst thou leave my little Charge? What in the Mopes still?

Ann. Why, forsooth?

Jewk. Forsooth! why how now Minks! wilt thou never be the better for all the wholesome Instructions I have given thee? how often have I told you that all we grave Gentlewomen at the Heads of Families are called—Madam.

Ann. Why, Madam, the young Body is in a fearful Taking—Madam—she sobs and cries, and sobs—Madam—I'm afraid she'll go beside her Wits, for my part for she talks to herself a huge pace—Madam.

Jewk. Well, go you and get the Chamber ready, I'll go in and comfort her. (Exit Ann.)

A little of my agreeable Chat will revive her Spirit I warrant, (Exit.)

Rob. I'll pass my Word she'd rather have your Room than your Company, as they say—But I mun go and look after my poor Tits, for I drove 'em at a woundy Rate. (Exit.)

Pamela discover'd.

Unhappy Pamela! what secret Crime hast thou committed against offended Heaven, that it shou'd thus provoke its Vengeance to afflict thee? Examine well thy inmost Thoughts, 'tis said, contents the Child of Innocence—if so—some hidden Guilt must surely lurk within my Breast, that fatally, tho' justly, robs me of the Blessing; and yet does Heaven afflict thus heavily for Crimes unknown? such I shou'd conceive are almost uncommitted—but 'tis Presumption, in Minds best qualified to judge, vainly to search the immeasurable Decrees of Heaven; what then is thine, thou weak, thou daring Wretch? cease thy Complainings therefore; search the Cause that thus abandons thee to Ruin, that robs thee of the promised Joys thou fondly hop'd to meet from thy dear expecting disappointed Parents—that has betray'd thee to thy approaching Misery, will utterly destroy thy everlasting Peace—and sink their Age with bitterest Anguish to the Grave.

Enter



Enter Mrs. Jewkes.

Jewk. Why what Chicken! nothing but sighing and sobbing, to which of the Bedfordshire Boys hast thou disposed thy little Heart, that thus it pants and mopes, and pants to be with him.

Pam. Whatever, Madam, the Motives are of this unhappy Grief, Solitude will best assuage, and Conversation but indulge and more provoke.

Jewk. Good lack! good lack! my very Case to a Tittle; in my Youth and Days of Love, I could never endure Company—but would sit, you, alone upon a Bank by a Pond Side for Hours together—and to be sure, one Day was just upon the Point of throwing myself in—but a brisk young Fellow happen'd to pass by the Moment I was going to take the fatal Leap, catch'd me in his Arms, and prevented me; and I assure you, us'd such prevailing Arguments with me, I never thought of Drowning, or my Sweetheart afterwards.

Pam. Too, too well, you know the Sorrows that afflict my Heart, and may, if you are endued with that Regard to Innocence and Virtue your Sex and Years demand, remove the fatal Cause.

Jewk. Odsbodikins! and will, my Child, I'll take care thy Innocence and Virtue shan't be betray'd by e'er a Country Booby of 'em all—I'll preserve 'em safe I warrant thee.

Pam. All gracious Heaven shower down its choicest Blessings on your Head.

Jewk. Ay, Chicken, never fear, thou shalt not fall into such lubberly Hands; I'll bolt and bar, and lock, to secure thee—thou shalt not stir a Foot out of this House, nor the Face of a Stranger peep within the Gates.

Pam. O! you mistake my Meaning much; will you, with Heaven, assist the pious Act of sending me forthwith to my distress'd, unhappy Parents, to calm their Doubts, and quiet all their anxious Fears?

Jewk. Ods my Life! why thou mistak'st my Meaning—send thee!—No, no, not for all the Tythes of this Parish and the next, why I must nurse thee, and feed thee, and cocker thee up Child—I am order'd to let thee command all the House, but the Doors, and those remain under my Direction.

Pam. Why did I fondly hope Relief from one grown old in Sin, and harden'd in Iniquity? (*Aside.*)

Enter Mr. Williams:

Will. Mrs Jewkes, your Servant.

Jewk. My young Levite, I'm glad to see thee; come,

D

I'll

I'll present you to this pretty little Stranger— anon I'll inform you who she is— Mrs. *Pamela*, the 'Squire's *Lincolnshire* Chaplain, Mr. *Williams*.

*Will.* Madam, you're welcome to *Pleasant-Hall*. [*Salute*

*Pam.* I thank you, Sir— but—

[*Sighing.*

*Will.* Some heavy Melancholy hangs on her Spirits, she seems affected with a Grief that rises from no common Cause.

[*Aside to Mrs. Jewkes.*

*Jewk.* Common to all the Girls in Christendom of her Age— she's in Love, my young Chaplain.

*Pam.* Madam—

*Jewk.* Nay, nay, never mince the Matter— 'tis no such mighty Crime— only a little ill judg'd, Mr. *Williams*, in making an improper Choice— when she has it in her Power elsewhere, to make herself the happiest Woman in the King's Dominions; I'll leave you to give her a little wholesome Advice, while I step to give some Orders about the Family— Chicken, I'll be with thee again in a Twinkling— in the mean time observe the Doctor's Instructions, my little Rosebud— observe 'em I say.

[*Exit.*

*Pam.* Sure 'tis impossible he can be made an Agent in this foul Conspiracy!— No, 'twere an Impiety to Heaven, to suppose that one devoted to its Service by his holy Office, cou'd be prevail'd on to become an Instrument in so black a Deed.

*Will.* Pardon me, fair One, if I am deceiv'd—but in your Looks, methinks, there seems a kind of doubtful Apprehension of some approaching Danger— Emotions rather caused by Terror, than the soft Languishments describ'd from Love-sick Pains.

*Pam.* Alas! too well you are acquainted, Sir, with the distress'd Condition of my Heart— indeed I am beset with Terrors, Terrors that wou'd bespeak a Breast endued but with the slightest Touches of Humanity in my Behalf; a Grief more solid than the fantastick Lover's Pain creates, a Violation of the first, the tenderest Law great Nature from our Infancy directs— I am divided, torn from my distress'd and most indulgent Parents, forc'd hither with an impious black Design to have my Innocence and Youth become the Sacrifice of brutal Violence.

*Will.* There is an artless Fervour in your Grief, that might awake Compassion even in the cruel Authors of your Woe— what then must be its powerful Influence on Minds that shrink with Horror at the hateful Deed? Minds enlarged by the engaging generous Sentiments of lost Humanity, confirm'd and strongly rooted in those Sentiments, by the  
more

more binding Laws of Duty, and reverential Love for an all good dispensing Providence.

*Pam.* Surely, that Providence, still watchful over injur'd Innocence, intends the Merit of its Rescue from your Hands; for I perceive there is an open honest tender Feeling in your Eyes at the unfolding of my Sorrows, which, when Occasion suffers me more amply to relate, will cherish still, that Softness in your Soul, to undertake, if possible, my Flight, from the approaching Misery that threatens.

*Will.* That will require farther Time to deliberate on, than now we can afford; but be assur'd, I'm bound to you in every Wish that you can form for your Deliverance; but pray, is Mrs. Jewkes concern'd as an Abettor in this detested Scheme?

*Pam.* Chiefly, chiefly — to her I am consign'd by—I hear her coming, I'll retire, and wait some favourable Occasion for your friendly Counsel and Assistance.

*Will.* Depend on both. [Exit. Pamela.  
This injur'd Creature's Story, and her affecting Manner in relating it, awake a tender Softness in my Breast, beyond the usual Motives to Compassion.

Enter Mrs. Jewkes.

*Jewk.* Well, where's my Chicken? gone! in the Sul-lens, I'll lay my Life.

*Will.* She seem'd much disorder'd, and retir'd.

*Jewk.* Disorder'd! Marry come up, she has much Cause to be disorder'd indeed, when such a young handsome wealthy Gentleman as the Squire, talks of making her his Wife—at least you must not know to the contrary. [Aside.

*Will.* His Wife! the Squire! —meaning Mr. Belville.

*Jewk.* Ay, Mr. Belville—the Squire! our Master.

*Will.* Impossible.

*Jewk.* Pshaw, Pshaw! nothing's impossible in Love, Man; he wants no Money you know, and by my Troth, I see no Reason why a young Man, with such a heap of Wealth, should not please his Fancy.

*Will.* Ay, but People of Condition have a Regard to Family and Blood.

*Jewk.* Pshaw! a Fig's end of Family and Blood; I know no Difference in Blood but what a Fever makes—and for Family, are not we all descended from the good old Family of Adam and Eve; but, my young Doctor, concern not thyself about the Matter, thou may'st get a new Gown and Cassock by binding the Bargain—therefore Mum, and mind thy Prayers. [Exit.

Will. This Marriage is the meer Invention of thy fertile Brain, to palliate and blind thy base Designs, to me—for 'tis impossible the young Creature can be possessed with such a Thought—if she were—her Fears and dreadful Apprehensions would be groundless—No, no, 'tis all an Artifice; which I will use my utmost Power to destroy, nor shall the fear of incurring Mr. Belville's Displeasure, stop me in so commendable a Pursuit, as the Defence of injured Truth and Innocence.

S C E N E, A Garden.

Pamela alone.

This Garden, to Minds possess'd with easy, tranquil Thoughts, would lavishly afford variety of Objects, to indulge a pleasing Contemplation; but my Affections, all overcome by Fear, shrink with that Coward Passion from their Office, and meekly are become but frightened Infants of the Mind. Thro' all the former Shocks I have sustain'd from that unworthy Man against my Innocence, still has that trembling, softening Passion alone possess'd my Heart, while strong Repentment and determined Hate have seem'd to slumber there; is it the Distance Fortune throws between us, bars my Hatred against the Offender, while I reflect with honest Scorn and Indignation on the Offence? Ha! be watchful Pamela, nor let this soft insinuating Passion steal into thy Bosom, lest angry Heaven, offended at thy bold Presumption, decree thy Innocence a Victim to thy Pride. But see—the Instrument it graciously has sent, kindly dispos'd for my Deliverance.

Enter Mr. Williams.

Will. Madam, the inquietude of Mind I have suffer'd, in reflecting upon the melancholly Tale you thought fit to entrust me with, made me impatient for an Opportunity of asking a few necessary Questions, which when answered, will immediately confirm, or else remove my Fears in your Behalf—Pray has Mr. Belville, in the general of his Conduct, given you any solid Reasons to believe his Designs were honourable?

Pam. Too, too many to convince me they were otherwise; nor cou'd my humble Heart once entertain a Thought so daringly presumptuous.

Will. I did believe indeed, this evil Woman had devis'd it, only to colour her pernicious Part, in this intended Scene of black Iniquity, from me.

Pam. Oh, Sir, 'tis all Delusion, and too soon, alas, will the destructive Plan take place; for every moment my dreadful Apprehension is renewed at the expected, near Approach of  
this



this Invader, who, doubtless will be speedy to execute his impious purpose.

Will. Your Fears too much alarm you, the Coachman who brought you hither, tells me Mr. Belvile intended setting out for London, the Day you left the House.

Pam. Alas, they are all Confederates in this hateful Scheme, and Falshood is their only Practice; but, Sir, there is another, pressing, tender Motive heightens my Impatience, the anxious Terrors of my deceived, unhappy Parents, whose Age and sharp Infirmities cannot sustain the Shock my Danger must alarm 'em with.

Will. Are they acquainted with Mr. Belvile's Conduct towards you?

Pam. Yes, Sir, and therefore had commanded my Return to 'em.

Will. And do they know where you are now dispos'd of?

Pam. Oh! no; I was surpris'd and basely hurried hither; even on the very Day their Expectations had been fondly rais'd to have received me, still happy in Possession of the only, but to them inestimable Dowry, my Truth and Innocence.

Will. And to preserve 'em still inviolate, I will concert some Means this Night, if possible, for your Escape, and make myself, if you approve it, the Conductor of your Flight.

Pam. I cannot but approve the Guard of one so strongly influenc'd, in the Cause of helpless, injur'd Virtue.

Enter Annice.

Ann. Forsooth, Madam says, she fears you'll take harm, the Wind blows so deadly sharp----'tis best you shou'd bide in the House.

Pam. Dissembling Courtesy! soothing while it wounds—  
Come—

(Exit Pam. and Ann.)

Will. Hypocrisy's the eldest born of Vice,  
Subtly obedient in its close Disguise, }  
To guard its impious Parent from Surprise;  
Whose hideous Form, if naked to the View, }  
Wou'd fright rash Vot'ries from its filken Clue.

*End of the Third Act.*

A C T



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Mrs. Jewkes and Colebrand.

Jewk. ODS my Life, Monsieur, I profess you are come in Time: Had not his Honour sent you to assist, 'tis ten to one the Bird had been flown; nay, out of the Cage it was, and all so fast, going, to Mate I warrant you, with a sly treacherous Black-bird.

Cole. Hay! Var, var is dat Black-bird—Jene vous pas entens, Begar me no understand the Black-bird.

Jewk. Why she was running away with the Parson:

Cole. Oh Parson! De Parson be de Black-bird, begar in my Country, de Parson be de grand prodigieuse Black-bird, dat fly after all de pretty Girl dere—and vile he pretenda, begar, to shelter dem under his Wing to shew dem de way to Heaven, begar he send dem Post to de Diable.

Jewk. Ay, Monsieur, but our Parsons are not so wicked, they marry and live vertuously.

Cole. But begar, your Parson must no marry Mademoiselle Pamela—upon my Vard, I must marry her myself—and den, I shall sell her upon de Vedding day, for two or tree hundred Pound to Monsieur Belvile, and den I shall go to Paris, and buy myself de grand Title of de French Marquis.

Jewk. Marry her, and sell her to Mr. Belvile upon the Wedding-day; and so cure all her squeamish Qualms:—well, for a notable Contrivance, let his Honour alone, I say—Oh! he's a most ingenious Person?

Cole. Upon my Vard, 'tis de grand Politique to have de first Night's Lodgement vid de Bride, and not have de Incumbrance of de Vife. Oh! Cest fort agreeable!

Jewk. Well I vow, 'tis a comfortable Thing when a Man of Senie pays his Devoirs to us—A Hum drum Fool now, wou'd have lost you a Score of Girls, and ne'er have dream'd of such a sprightly Scheme.

Cole. Upon my Vord, Madam, Monsieur Belvile had never arrive at dis grand Refinement in his Amour, if he had not live so long in France—dere de—de—de—Var you call de Blak-bird?

Jewk. Oh, the Parson.

Cole.

Cole. Ouy, Ouy, en Verite, de Parson—de Parson in France, de Parson teach Monsieur Anglois all de belle Artifice to procure de fineſt Ladies of Qualitie dere—but Begar, 'tis after dey have ſerve demſelves.

Jewk. Odsbodikins! I had forgot his Honour's Letter—let me ſee, let me ſee (Takes a Letter from her Boſom and opens it) Dear Pamela--Undone, undone! ruin'd and undone!

Cole. Hay! vat, vat be all dis grand Exclamation?

Jewk. Oh! his Honour has miſtaken the Directions of the two Letters, this in my Hand is for Pamela, and that I have ſent up to her, is mine --O miſerable Miſfortune!

Cole. Miſerable! Begar it is nothing at all, 'tis only her be acquainted vid de Sentence a little timè before de Execution for Monsieur Belville will very ſoon be here --- et donc l'affaire et faite.

Jewk. Ay, but this Notice will certainly put the young Baggage upon ſome new Plot for an Eſcape; and if ſhe ſlips thro' our Hands ———

Cole. O impoſſible! he vil be here to Day, and begar, till he come, I vil vatch her ſo cloſe, dat all de Black-birds in your Country ſhall not fly away vid her—for pardie! if dey thow'd, I loſe my Revard, and my Viſe too.

Jewk. Well, let's be gone, let's be gone.—

Cole. O vid all my Heart, en Verite it be very proper, you introduce me to pay my Compliments—becauſe 'tis poſſible, I ſhall marry her to Night—Allons, Allons.

Jewk. Sir,—pray Sir, (Compliment for the Door.)

Cole. O pardonez Moy, Madame.

Jewk. I profeſs, you deſtroy me with this Exceſs of Complaiſance. [Exeunt.]

Pamela alone.

Now my Ruin is inevitable; this Diſcovery of my Attempt to eſcape, will double all this evil Woman's Vigilance, and render my Confinement almoſt inſupportable, and what I am every Moment to expect more fatal, this ſhameleſs Letter has too well inform'd me: Here comes the hateful Monſter 'twas intended for—and by the fluttering Haſte ſhe's in, no doubt has found the Error in directing it.—Ha! what fellow Fiend is this comes with her?

Enter Colebrand and Jewkes.

Jewk. So Mrs. Flirt, I ſuppoſe you have read it. (ſnatching the Letter from her.)

Pam. Doubtleſs—'tis directed to me.

*Jewk.* Directed! What of that? within Side, you see 'tis directed to me, and mannerly Decency should have prevented your Impertinence.

*Pam.* Decency, indeed, must blush to read such hideous Schemes, 'gainst helpless Innocence.

*Jewk.* Here's a Racket, indeed, about your slippery Innocence! but this Gentleman will remove your foolish Qualms by making you a Wife.

*Pam.* Heav'n protect me, what means she!

*Cole.* Ouy, Madame, en Verite, I shall teach you de *French* Politesse, in making de Grand solemn Engagement, vid no oder View in the Varld, but to break it immediately.

*Pam.* You, Madam, I suppose, are able to explain this *Jargon*.

*Jewk.* It needs no great Explanation I think,—but your perverse little Head won't understand--- so if you must have it explain'd, Monsieur here is to marry you.

*Cole.* Ouy, Madame.

*Jewk.* And when the Ceremony is over, give up all Right and Title in you, to Mr. *Belville*, now you understand me.

*Pam.* Yes, thou abandon'd Wretch! but Heaven be prais'd, our equal Laws are free from such detested Wiles—such base dispensing Powers—nor arrogantly aim to force the Will.

*Jewk.* But you'll find, Mistress, they give a Husband Power over his Wife; and had not I been well acquainted with her having such Power, I had not liv'd a single Life till now, and refused such advantageous Offers.

*Cole.* Upon my Vard it must be the grand Mortification to Mankind, to be rob'd of de Offering of so fine a Lady.

*Jewk.* O Monsieur! Had I been honour'd with the Addresses of a Gentleman of your Merit and polite Behaviour, I must have broke thro' the most obstinate Resolution.

Enter *Annice*.

*Ann.* O Madam, Madam, my Master's just lighted at the Gate.

*Pam.* Ha!

*Jewk.* Bless us, let's be gone, and pay our Devours.

[Exit with *Annice*:

*Cole.* Madame--- Je suis votre tres humble. [Exit.

*Pam.* gracious Heaven, assist me, or I am lost! Thy power alone can stem this Torrent, and save me from approaching Ruin. [Exit.

Enter



Enter *Belville*, *Jewkes*, and *Colebrand*.

*Jewk.* I am proud to see your Honour at *Pleasant-hall*.

*Belv.* Mrs. *Jewkes* your Servant—how does your Charge, the lovely *Pamela*?

*Jewk.* Oh, your Honour! she does not deserve so much Goodness at your Hands——

*Belv.* What still perverse and sullen?

*Jewk.* I dread to tell your Honour.

*Belv.* She's not escap'd I hope!

*Jewk.* No, if she was, I had not dar'd to look your Honour in the Face—but such Plots, such Contrivances, to bring it about, and then so powerful an Accomplice

*Belv.* Who? what Accomplice?

*Jewk.* No less than your Honour's Chaplain.

*Belv.* How!

*Cole.* Upon my Vard, Sir, cest fort veritable——instead of his marrying me to Mademoiselle *Pamela*, as your Honour gave me Direction, he had form'd une grand Designe, to rob me of my Wife, and marry her himself.

*Belv.* Insolent Folly! I'll cure his amorous Fever.

*Cole.* Begar, Sir, if you please, I vil let him Blood under de left Breast, and cure him presently.

*Belv.* Hence, from my Sight! how dare you harbour such a Thought, and add to your Presumption, by boldly making me the Hearer——Be gone.

*Cole.* En verite, I wou'd only moderate his Passion. [*Exit.*]

*Belv.* Order *Pamela* to attend me.

*Jewk.* I shall, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Belv.* And has this little Hypocrite thus long appear'd insensible and cold to every Thought of Love, while I address'd her, and now, e're she cou'd well commence a slight Acquaintance, broke loose even to such Extravagance of Passion? 'tis plain the Fire lay obscur'd, and wanted but a Breath more powerful to fan it to a Flame——'Sdeath, to be supplanted by a low mean Dependant on me! Despicable! her Person tho' is still within my Power, and since she will not gratify the softer Wishes of my Heart, and cherish 'em with Love—I'll substitute Revenge——at least, to cool its warmer Transports——here she comes——

Enter *Pamela*.

I'm sorry to hear, Madam, the forward Impertinence of my Servants interrupted you in the Execution of your late important Scheme.

*Pam.* Alas, Sir, I wanted not this Triumph o'er my Disappointment, to enlarge my Griefs.

E

*Belv.*

34  
*Belv.* O doubtless, Madam, they must be great; to be excluded from the lovely Object of our Wishes, is certainly of all others the sharpest Punishment: I can form a tolerable Judgment of your Pain, since I was myself, but lately, pretty much in your Situation.

*Pam.* Why, Sir, will you descend so low, to insult the Weak and Wretched?—there is a Pride more suitable to noble Minds—a Pride that truly is esteem'd a Virtue—the heavenly Pride of just Compassion.

*Belv.* O, 'tis infinitely just, no doubt, I shou'd extend my utmost Compassion, for the least Impediment your Ladyship meets in your Amours.

*Pam.* I am as little capable, Sir, to understand these Taunts, as to prevent 'em if I did.

*Belv.* This insolent Presumption of pleading Ignorance is not to be borne———You have not, by the Advice and Help of *Williams*, my Chaplain, attempted your Escape from hence, and, as a Recompence for his worthy Service, promised to reward him with your Person.

*Pam.* That I solicited, and he consented, to aid my Escape, is true—but he was induced by me, from any other Motives, than the virtuous Merit of the Act, I solemnly deny.

*Belv.* I thought, Madam, after the repeated Assurances I had sent you, you might securely have rely'd upon my Honour, and banish'd all your Fears; but they, I am convinc'd, were only slight Pretences, to disguise more solid Dangers you apprehend from the Loss of this new Admirer.

*Pam.* I had no other View, than my Removal from this hateful Prison, to shun the Dangers, Sir, I had but too sufficient Cause to fear from your Arrival here.

*Belv.* Be assur'd, your late extravagant Conduct has made those Dangers unavoidable, however distant they might before have been; but yet, to palliate your mighty Scruples, I have determin'd my Valet de Chambre, *Colebrand*, shall marry you, and immediately transfer his Right to me.

*Pam.* Remember, Sir, that my Assent to this must previously be had—and here, in Heaven's awful Face, I vow, my Tongue shall rather lose its Office, than I'll consent to this detested Scheme,

*Bel.* By Heaven, this obstinate Resistance of my Will, but more determines me to put it into Execution—Retire, I'll give you some little Time to reflect, whether this peevish Opposition, or the Merit of a Compliance, will prove most advantageous.

*Pam.* I do, and ever will, contemn every Advantage purchas'd at the Expence of Truth and Innocence.

[Exit.  
*Bel.*

Bel. Hadst thou not rais'd this Storm of Jealousy within me, that Truth and Innocence might still have been preserved, and on Conditions too, perhaps, beyond the Bounds of thy Ambition ; but since another takes up all your Heart, I must repay the Sighs and Languishments thou hast cost me, at least with the Possession of thy Person— and yet— but hence Reflection—

Thy least Advance will damp my purpos'd Joy,  
And all this sweet Revenge at once destroy. [Exit.

Enter *Colebrand* and *Jewkes*.

Jewk. Well, I vow Monsieur *Colebrand*, you are a most engaging Person, and if this young Minx continues her obstinate Airs, and refuses marrying you—I have a Wife in my Eye for you, with whom you may have a more considerable Fortune— tho' I confess, she does not quite come up to her, in Youth and Beauty.

Cole. Upon my Vard, Madame, de Money comprehend all the Charm of Youth and Beauty, beside, what signify to me all de Charm of Madamoiselle *Pamela*, begar it be de same ting as to have de grand Estate in *France*, and Monsieur *le Roy* he take half de Profit.

Jewk. Well, well, if this shou'd chance to be a Match that I propose— you shall stay in *England*, and preserve both Fortune and Wife, and I warrant we shall be the Envy— Bless me— what did I say— we ! Oh !— I die with Confusion !

Cole. Pardie ! den it be herself she mean ! Oh, de damn'd ugly Vitch— but 'tis no matter— begar I vil get de Money, and then she may go to her Fader de Devil (*aside*.) O Madame, dis Confusion fill me vid Surprise ! it be de grand Honour, it ravish me vid Surprise. (*Taking her Hand*.)

Jewk. Let me go, let me go— I have not Spirits to support the Shock ! Bless me ! who's here ? how shall I cover this Disorder ?

Enter *John Arnold*.

Arn. Mrs. *Jewkes*, his Honour has sent for you high and low— he's in main haste to speak with you— Aded, here he comes himself.

Enter *Belville*.

Bel. Mrs. *Jewkes*, I have an Affair of Consequence to confer with you upon— Monsieur withdraw— our Business requires Privacy.

Cole. (*Aside*.) Privacy ! Pardie ! has he d' Inclination to dis Wife too— Vid all my Heart begar. [Exit.

Bel. *Arnold*, wait without—I have Directions to send by you to the Attorney about *Williams*. [Exit *Arnold*.]

Mrs. *Jewkes*, I find this Creature's absolutely resolv'd against this intended Marriage.

Jewk. Fortunate Accident! [Aside.]

Bel. Therefore I am determin'd no longer to let her Sighs and Tears prevail, but, this Night—possess myself of that Blessing she fondly had design'd another's Prize.

Jewk. By my Troth, and I commend your Honour; I think you greatly demean'd yourself in condescending to humour her Nicety with this Marriage, if she had consented.

Bel. Do you take particular Care the Servants are all dispatch'd to Bed betimes, and, for a Reason, tell 'em, I am retir'd to my Chamber indispos'd, and must not be disturb'd with any Noise.

Jewk. Your Honour need not doubt my Diligence and Care.

Bel. Do you attend below with *Colebrand*, if they shou'd be alarm'd by any Outcry, to prevent their coming up the Stairs that lead to *Pamela's* Bed-chamber; I'll defer sending *Arnold* till the Morning, and presently retire the back Way; be sure punctually observe my Directions. [Exit.]

Jewk. I warrant your Honour—well, I'll go in, and find out Monsieur *Colebrand*, and inform him this Wedding's off—and our's may come on whenever he pleases—but hold—I'll be a little upon the Reserve, that I may oblige him to address me with that polite Softness so peculiar to his Country. [Exit.]

Enter *John Arnold*.

A murrain on thee for an old Bedlam; what a plaguy Haridan 'tis! if Beelzebub don't lay his Claws upon thee, for thy Baseness to poor Mrs. *Pamela*—but haud you, haud you, *John*, hast thou deserv'd much better at his Hands? by my Troth but little—nay, thou'lt be every whit as bad, if thou dost not let the poor young Body know the dreadful Plot thou hast overheard—but what will that avail, alack-a-day, but little—but may-hap, if I were to acquaint Master *Williams* of it, he might overthrow it by his Learning—[th' Name of Goodness, I'll find him out, and disburthen my Conscience to him.] [Exit.]

Enter *Colebrand* and *Jewkes*.

Cole. Oh, Madame! this News make a me all Rapture, 'tis impossible to keep my Passion from Extravagance—

Jewk.



*Jewk.* O fie, Monsieur ! if you shou'd offer any thing against the Rules of Decorum, I shou'd not be able to support it ; my Delicacy cou'd never endure a boist'rous Lover ; and if hereafter you shou'd prove inconstant, my tender Heart wou'd pine itself to Death.

*Cole.* Begar, so much de better. (Aside.) Oh, Madame ! if you make proper Estimation of your Charm, 'tis impossible you can have Suspicion of my Constancy.

*Jewk.* Well ! that was most engagingly said ; O Monsieur, I find 'tis impossible to resist your persuasive Eloquence ; I will—how shall I pronounce the Word ? I will, I will be your's.

*Cole.* Begar, and so fall your Money too. (Aside.) But ven, ven my Charmer fall be de happy Day, you must not prolong my Impatience.

*Jewk.* Well, I won't, you dear irresistible Creature, it shall be done with all convenienc' halte—but eds my Life, 'tis time we were at our posts, for his Honour, I warrant him, is full as impatient as you are.

*Cole.* Dat is impossible, he has not half de Temptation.

*Jewk.* Go you naughty Flatterer.

*Cole.* Upon my Vard, ven I shall have you, I will be even vid you. (Aside.)

*Jewk.* Come, lead me down Stairs, and there you shall give me your Fancy for my Wedding Suit.

*Cole.* O de tout mon cœur—and begar I hope your next Suit will be de Coffin. (Aside.) (Exeunt.)

Pamela alone.

Why are our giddy Sex so vainly fond of Beauty ? wou'd they reflect upon the various Dangers it involve 'em in, their Prudence wou'd destroy the little Pride, that glaringly obscures the Ills of Flattery's soothing Tongue, that certain Bane of an unguarded Innocence. Ha ! what can this mean ? my Master here—O Heaven protect and save me now, or I am lost for ever.

Enter Belvile.

*Belv.* So, Madam, you are alone it seems.

*Pam.* Wou'd I were.

(Aside.)

*Belv.* I thought I shou'd have found your Lover in your Arms, cursing the hasty Night that forces him to leave you ; but know, ungrateful Girl, I am come determined now, to be reveng'd for all the Wrongs you've done my Love—I'll beg no more for that which I may seize ; but thus—

(Laying hold of her.)

*Pam.* You cannot mean it, Sir ; for Heaven's Sake !

*Bel.*

Belv. Nay, no coying now, I have you in my Power; this Night shall make me bleis'd. (Struggling with her—  
Come, come, you strive in vain.

Pam. (Breaking from him) You cannot surely; nay, I think you dare not mean it—— Consider, Sir, one Act like this, for ever stains your Honour, and leaves a Mark of Infamy on all you Race to come.

Belv. Remember who you speak to.

Pam. Sir, do you remember who you speak to. Had you ne'er sunk beneath the Mallet, I never had forgot the Duty of a Servant; but now, by Nature prompted, I must exert myself in the Defence of that Innocence, which ought to be a Guard against your brutal Fury.

Belv. Come, come, no more, I am not to be trifled with, nor preach'd from what I've once determin'd—No—your Sex's little Arts, which you presume upon, and call 'em by the specious Name of Virtue, are all too thinly cover'd to deceive me longer; the Mask is off, and now you stand confess'd like sin abandoned by Hypocrisy.

Pam. I'm sorry, Sir, a just Contempt of Infamy is construed into Art and mean Hypocrisy. But know, an honest Mind's above 'em both, and cannot voluntarily act repugnant to itself—therefore, good Sir, reflect, and think with Caution, your Passion robs you of your Reason; but when that Passion is subdued, by what Reason can you then be justify'd? Your Heart condemns itself; for Vice will ever be pursued, even in the most abandoned Minds, by Conscience and Remorse.

Belv. How she disarms my Resolution!—Come, my Pamela—I own I've been too boistrous—Nay, I'll now lay by Authority, and sue for Pardon too—forgive the Folly of ungovern'd Passion, and imitating that Heav'n you are like, acquit the Wretch that can't excuse himself.

Pam. Nay, now, Sir, you descend too low, and—

Belv. By Heaven I cannot, your Beauty makes you equal to the greatest, and Love like mine throws all Distinction down. Oh! if you knew with what a Warmth, with how much Tenderneſs I languish for you, your softning Heart would teach you to be kind, in pity to the Fate of one that cannot live without you. Come, come, this Night shall make me happy, and then To-morrow binds me yours eternally.

Pam. Why now indeed you throw Distinction down, in trying to deceive so mean a Thing as me; what! pawn your Honour to your Servant, to give the Fool a flatter'ing Pretence to believe you, and then, thro' customary Pride, abandon her and Honour too!—No, Sir,—my Innocence is all the Wealth

I have to boast, and that, I'll be a thrifty Miser of, nor credulously lend it out on Promises.

Bel. By Heav'n, this Scorn has turn'd my Love to Rage; and now on my own Terms you shall be mine, my Heart was quick relapsing into Fondness, but this last Folly has recover'd me, and ruin'd you. (Again laying hold of her.)

Pam. O Heav'n! assist, and help me now!

Belv. You call in vain for Help, there's no Protector near.

Enter Williams from behind, and interposes.

Will. Behold one here.

Pam. Ha!

Will. Now, Sir,—nay, look not angrily—but rather thank that Heav'n, whose providential Care by me, has sav'd you from a Crime.

Bel. Confusion!—What!—you have your Paramour! your Bravo clos'd at Midnight—O! thou wrong'd Innocence, thou virtuous—Hypocrite!

Will. Have a Care, Sir, nor meanly take such low Revenge as every common Wretch employs—Deduction——'tis poor, beneath yourself, almost as much as having done the Deed.

Pam. Good Heav'n! How came he here?

Belv. How came he! O! well dissimbled Ignorance! But my Revenge shall be as real as my Wrong; no doubt you are impatient for my Absence: It is, indeed, beneath me to rival such a Wretch; I will oblige you: My Love is like a long forgotten Dream; but yet, by Heav'n, its Consequence shall prove fatal. (Going.)

Pam. Hold, Sir, you must not leave me with this base Atterpersion; for know, my honest Heart disdains the foul Reproach with which you'd sully it.

Belv. Disdains! You mean it fears; for now I find that you can like the Love, but wou'd conceal the Shame.

Pam. You wrong me, Sir; for had my Disposition been inclined to Vice, it is so tottering a Foundation, it must have fallen to you; you who have used so many Arts to win me to your wicked purpose. As for the Consequence of your mad Revenge—leave me but spotless, and the rest's indifferent to me. [Exit.]

Bel. As spotless as you are, I'm sure I shall—

(Going.)

Will. Stay, Sir and hear—

Belv. Your insolent Excuses; no, I have not room for any Thought, but my Revenge, which I will prosecute—

Will.

# P A M E L A.

Will. On whom? For what? Alas! Sir, turn your Revenge upon yourself, chastise your Heart, and call it to a strict Account, for having dar'd to entertain a Thought to your Dishonour; there your Revenge is due, and only there your Punishment is just.

Bel. Why thou dissembling Wretch! How canst thou dare to think that I'll be thus abused. Go follow her, and in her wanton Arms, try to prolong the last indulgent Night you ever shall enjoy together.

Will. Rash Man forbear, nor think the Gifts of giddy Fortune, can license thy ungovern'd Tongue, to wrong the Innocent.

Bel. The Innocent!

Will. Be cautious, Sir; nor let your Passion be the mad Forerunner of Repentance; your Power I know can ruin me, but cannot strip my Mind of Honesty, which, while I wear, though in a loathsome Dungeon, sets me above that Wretch, who discontented stalks in Palaces, pursued by Guilt, and its black Follower, Reflection.

Belv. Canst thou suppose this weak Pretence to Honesty, this dull scholastick Pedantry, will save thee from my Resentment? S'death! had I not seen thee break from thy Concealment, yet I had Proofs before, too strong to leave a Doubt, but that her mock Innocence deceived me. A Mistress—saugh—'tis fulsome, and a rank Satire on your Function.

Will. Your Function, Sir, enjoins Protection to your Servant, and your Authority, which you have prostituted in undermining Innocence, had better, and with Justice, been employed in its Defence. As for me, I am grieved at your Displeasure, but more at the unhappy Cause.

Bel. Yes, you shall have Cause for Grief, and quickly find the Folly of intruding on that Master's Pleasure. Who waits there—

Will. Hold, Sir, you need not call for Witnesses to your Intemperance, one is too many to so bad an Act; but to preserve your Honour, and my Honesty, which you have been regardless of, I must presume to call one. Come forth there.

Enter Arnold from the Closet.

Bel. Ha!

Arn. O! Sir, I pray your Honour wou'd forgive me!

Bel. Forgive thee! What?

Arn. O! Sir, I am the Occasion of all this Noise and Anger.

Bel. Thou the Occasion!

Arn



Arn. Indeed I'd never have offended your Honour so, but that my Conscience drove me to't, whether I wou'd or not.

Bel. Why, what hast done?

Will. Why, Sir, this Man most fortunately overheard your Direction to that wicked Instrument Mrs. Jewkes, and touch'd by Conscience for his Concern in what might happen, discovered the vile Plot to me; and this was the Occasion, which your Jealousy and Passion has so far mistaken, of my Concealment,

Bel. Ha! Is this Truth?

Arn. Yes, indeed it is, and if your Honour pleases, I'll take my Bible-oath on't.

Bel. Well, leave us. (Exit Arnold.) Heav'ns! what an Escape I've had from Rage and violent Desire; to think upon it, is looking down a Precipice, from whence to have fallen, I must have crush'd myself, and all beneath me.

Will. I find he's mov'd, I hope with just Remorse.

Bel. And then this honest Man! How has my ungovern'd Passion injur'd him, who has snatch'd me from the Depth of Guilt? How can I look on him?

Will. Sir—

Bel. Mr. Williams, I wou'd ask your Pardon, but that I am too well convinced what I have done won't bear Excuse: Therefore—

Will. No more of that, Sir; as all the Merit of what I've done, is in the Deed itself, so your Contrition brings with it an Excuse.

Bel. Thou excellent Man! What do I owe thee for thy honest Help? Not less than if you'd snatcht me from the Hands of Death: Nay, I was dead to Virtue; but thus recover'd, I must repent—but first I must repair, or else my Penitence deceives myself, and is but Mockery to Heaven. (Pauses.) It shall be so—Mr. Williams, as you have been so great an Instrument of my growing Happiness, I know your honest Nature cannot be more rewarded, than by compleating what you have so generously begun.

Will. How mean you, Sir?

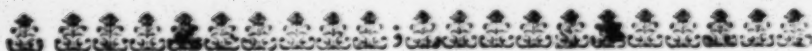
Bel. There's now no Way left me to make amends for all the Wrongs I've done the virtuous Pamela, but by making her eternally my own.

Will. Sir, I applaud your Resolution, and may Heaven make you happy.

Bel. It will not fail—my Heart too prompts me to it—And then her Beauty, and transcendent Innocence, are a large Equivalent to Wealth and Title, and far outweigh their Worth.

In lawless Pleasures sunk, to Virtue blind,  
 Thy friendly Care has rais'd my sinking Mind:  
 No more, by wild impetuous Tempests tost,  
 With Horror now, I view the fatal Coast;  
 By gentle Gales, my calmer Passions move,  
 My Pilot, Thou; my Harbour, virtuous Love.

*End of the Fourth Act.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Grove before Belville's House.*

*Enter old Andrews.*

**E**ITHER I am deceiv'd, or younger is the Prison that confines my *Pamela*! I scarce have Strength to reach it, and when I have, my Age and Circumstances bring but Small Assistance——And who, alas! will side with injur'd Poverty against rich Oppression!——Suppose I have recourse to Mr. Belville himself, and upon my Knees beg him to restore my Daughter to her unhappy Father——If this impetuous Fire of wanton Youth has not wholly consum'd his Honour and Humanity, my Tears and Age perhaps may prove successful Pleaders, and all be sav'd from Ruin! The Thought transports my Soul, and gives fresh Vigour to my wearied Body——Here comes one may give me farther Information.

*Enter Countryman.*

What a plague does that old Fellow there, 'tis no Road I'm sure, and none but Rogues wou'd make it one—I lost some Sheep hereabouts, last Midsummer was two Years, and ten to one but this is the Man that stole 'em——Ecod I don't like his Looks, and had I my Gun with me, I'd venture to shoot at 'em without Examination, I would—but I'll be sharp and find 'em out.

*Andr.*

*Andr.* Pray, honest Friend, is this the Road to Mr. Belvile's House.

*Count.* (Stares him in the Face and whistles) Eh.

*Andr.* Is that Mr. Belvile's House, Friend?

*Count.* Why do you think I'm Fool enough to tell you? Eh?

*Andr.* You have Humanity enough, I hope, to inform a Stranger, without being guilty of Folly?

*Count.* I won't tell you for all that! I am sharp, mun—You'll not get any thing from me, I can tell you but that—But pray you now, what may you want with 'Squire Belvile's House?

*Andr.* I want particular Business there.

*Count.* I don't doubt it and every Rogue may have the same Business there for aught I know.

*Andr.* I never was us'd to such Language.

*Count.* Noa! Then you never had your Deserts before—He! he!

*Andr.* You mistake me, Friend, indeed—Tho' I appear poor and unhappy, yet I am honest. [Weeps.]

*Count.* Ecod! and so he is I warrant him, may I be hang'd if I have not brought Tears into the Old 'en's Eyes—I'm sorry I have been so harsh—Pray you don't take to Heart my Merriment—I'm sorry I've wrong'd you, Father; but there are Rogues about, and I am a sort of a Deputy-Keeper to the 'Squire, and examine all suspicious Persons.

*Andr.* Pray, honest Friend, shew me the House, for my Business with Mr. Belvile is very urgent.

*Count.* Ay, but be it as urgent as it will, you'll find it hard Work to get him from the Business he's about; there's a tight Lais in the Case, and the 'Squire is young and love-some, and when a keen Stomach falls to good Meat, 'twill be hard to get him from it, till his Belly's full you know.

*Andr.* Oh! my Fears! Pray explain yourself.

*Count.* Why you must know—You're old enough to hold your Tongue, if I should tell you?

*Andr.* You may depend upon me.

*Count.* The young 'Squire has been deeply smitten with one of his own Maids, and all as he could say or do, the Wench kept her own till yesterday.

*Andr.* And what of Yesterday?

*Count.* Why all was over I suppose, by the great Change; for she has thrown away her home-spun Country-dress, and is as fine as an Empress; (a bad Sign let me tell you) and he

has thrown away his melancholy Humour, and is as skittish as a Colt—but she'll tame him, eh! eh!

*Andr.* Enough—Farewel my Life and Cares—*Pamela's* undone! I'm no more. *[Sinks in his Arms.]*

*Count.* What a murrain! is the Man out of his Senses! what! old Friend! you are not dead sure! I shall be brought into a fine Quandary here, an he dies without telling somebody, I have not murder'd him—Hold ye, his Breath comes and goes, there's Hopes yet.

*Andr.* When shall I be at Rest? Can I survive my Daughter's Infamy? All gracious Heav'n! let me not linger thus—

*Count.* There's something presses him mightily; pray rise, Master, and let me take you to the Hall, and get you something to comfort you—Pray do—

*Andr.* All Help is vain, 'tis Death alone can give me Peace; but I accept your kind Assistance. *(raises him)* If Age and Wretchedness deserve Compassion, your Charity is well bestow'd.

*Count.* I never was so mov'd and terrify'd in all my Life.

*Andr.* Pray, Friend, direct me thither; and yet I dread to see her! But I must on, for Doubt but more perplexes and distracts my feeble Mind; if she is ruin'd, I shall not long endure the Pain of thinking her Virtue was the last and only Prop of my declining Age, and both must sink together.

*[Exeunt.]*

Enter *Pamela*.

*Pam.* Now, *Pamela*, guard well thy Mind; let not this sudden, this amazing Turn of thy despairing Fortune—the pompous Height to which thou art rais'd—thro' gorgeous Dreis—let 'em not throw upon thy former State a dark'ning Veil to hide its View—lest Insolence and Pride should banish gentle Gratitude and fair Humility.

Enter *Mrs. Jewkes*

*Jewk.* Good-morrow, dear Madam—— Well, if his Honour had chose out of the Drawing-Room, on a Birth-Night, I'll dery him to have brought home such a Presence for the Head of his Table—such delicate white and red! such an Air! such—

*Pam.* Forbear—not fondly hope to throw a Gloss upon your former Conduct, by only changing Hands with Vice, and substituting in the Place of purpos'd Ruin, hateful Flattery.

*Jewk.* Let me intreat your Ladyship to believe, whatever I have done was more thro' Fear of disobeying his Honour, than any vicious Disposition.

*Pam.*



*Pam.* The most vicious Disposition is want of Fear in disobeying Heaven; and can there rise a stronger Proof of such a Want, than impiously attempting to draw others in to violate its sacred Laws?

*Fewk.* Dear Madam, the whole Service of my Life to come, shall be devoted to deserve your Ladyship's Forgiveness—

*Pam.* We'll wave this Subject for the present; and be assur'd, no proper Clemency from me shall be ever wanting that your future Conduct may deserve.

*Fewk.* I humbly thank your Ladyship— has your Ladyship any Commands?

*Pam.* I have this Request — that henceforth you decline bestowing Titles I have neither Right or Inclination to— Supper must be deferr'd an Hour, beyond the usual Time, for the Coming of Sir *Simon Darrford* and his Family, whom Mr. *Belville* is gone to invite.

*Fewk.* I shall observe, Madam.

[Exit,

Enter *Arnold*.

*Arn.* Odsheart! Madam! here's Lady *Davers* and her Nephew come—she's in a main Heat—and ask'd for you, Madam, as tho' she were in a desperate Passion.

*Pam.* Ha!—I thank you for this Notice. *John*— Conduct her in, [Exit *Arnold*.

This somewhat ruffles me—wou'd Mr. *Belville* were at home! I dread this haughty Women's Taunts— I think 'twere best to avoid her, till his Return— But wherefore shou'd I fear—the Guilty only fear; my Innocence is my Guard, which, if I had lost, Shame, as well as Fear, indeed might justly have alarm'd me.

Enter Lady *Davers* and *Smatter*.

*L. Dav.* Protect us in the Name of Vanity, what have we here? am I awake? Oh! I shall swoon!

*Pam.* I am proud, Madam, of the Honour of seeing your Ladyship.

*L. Dav.* Oh! support me! [Leaning upon *Smatter*.

*Smat.* Rat me, Madam, but I am debilitated with Surprise, equal to your Ladyship's.

*Pam.* Is not your Ladyship well?

*L. Dav.* Well, no! I have the Vapours to Extravagance.

*Pam.* Shall I order your Ladyship any thing?

*L. Dav.* Order any thing! and why not fetch it thyself, Mrs. Pert!

*Pam.* I hop'd, Madam, paying my Duty here might be more agreeable.

*L. Dav.*

L. Dav. No. if thou wou'lt have me recover, remove thyself in the Name of Decency, *I* conjure thee.

Pam. *I* am sorry, Madam, *I* shou'd Occasion this Disorder—I'll retire. [Going]

L. Dav. Stay!

Smat. Ay, ay, *I* beseech your Lordship let her stay, for now *I* have recover'd my first Blast of Astonishment, let me perish, but *I*ll supply the Want of Salvolatile and Hartshorn for your Ladyship with a few Strokes of Wit and Humour upon this exotic Figure—Hearkee. Child, prithee do us the Favour of taking a turn or two cross the Room, that we may arrive at some Degree of Certainty, whether or no thou art the identical little Pammy, formerly so famous for thy mellifluous Structures of modern Tarts and Cheesecakes?

Pam. *I* am sorry, Sir my Merit, or your Capacity, is so extremely slender, *I* can't be remember'd for any thing more meritorious.

L. Dav. Astonishing Insolence! *I*'m out of Patience! why thou gew-gaw Idiot, dost thou imagine the fine Trappings Belv. has trick'd thee up in—or the arrogant Pride of becoming his Mistress—give thee a Pretence to this saucy Liberty with his Relations?

Pam. Madam, *I* equally abhor the Thought of either, and wish this young Gentleman was as nearly related to Mr. Belvile in his Sense of Decency and good Manners, as he is by Blood or Marriage

Smat. Well, throughout the whole Race of female Delinquents, henceforth *I*ll eternally celebrate the non-pareil Assurance of kept Abigail.

Pam. Remember, Sir, this wanton Licence with my Character and Reputation, equally reflects upon Mr. Belvile's.

Smat. Now that, Child, is what *I* can't so readily comprehend—because, you must know, we young Fellows think our Reputation's as little concern'd in debauching every Girl we like, as in beating every Drawer or Hackney-Coachman we do not like. [Apart to her.]

Pam. Shameless and abandon'd Principles!

Smat. Ay, that may be, but they are the Principles of most of the smart young Fellows in Town.

Pam. But know, Sir, they are such as Mr. Belvile's Honour and good Sense detests, and loaths.

L. Dav. What, what, Madam, are you pleas'd to insinuate relating to Mr. Belvile's Sense and Honour—good Mrs. Forward, none of thy Works of Superogation, that is, to come down to the Level of thy Understanding, don't meddle in Defence

Defence of his Honour, till you have a better Right, and are properly call'd upon; thy Understanding, Child, as well as thy Person, is in Masquerade,

Smat. Dear Lady Davers, you never were more out in your Life — the Design of Masquerades is to conceal Persons, you know—Now Pammy's Dress is quite the contrary, for it very plainly discovers who she is, and what she is—Ha, ha, ha!

Pam. Why, Sir, what am I?

Smat. As fine a Woman as e'er my Eyes beheld; by all that's exquisite, Tom Belvile's a most happy Mortal, or may I suffer Annihilation.

Pam. Sir—

L. Day. Pretty Dear! I'll assure you it has got a Spirit with its fine Cloaths—what are you painted too, Cherubim? Gads my life! 'tis very necessary—you'll be pale and sickly by-and-by—Qualms, Qualms; my Dear, will soon fetch out the Ruddiness of your Cheeks—I beg ten thousand Pardons—the Roses I wou'd say.

Smat. Upon my Soul, Lady Davers, I think Pammy has a very pretty Fancy; I never saw Cloaths more *Alamode* in my Life; the Colour, Silk, and Trimmings, quite genteel—white, white, you know, is quite apropos for Pammy, and emblematical—ha, ha, ha!

L. Dav. Ay, ay, the Virgin Colour—I always thought *Pamela* would die a Vestal—she's a very Martyr to Virtue, and the very Picture of Purity—

Smat. Oh fort bien—fort bien Madam—

Pam. This Treatment is insupportable.

[*Bursting into Tears, going.*]

Enter *Belvile*.

*Belv.* My *Pamela* in Tears? what has disturb'd my Love?

*Smat.* Why you must know, Sir, my Lady here, and I, being enlighten'd with the Brilliancy of *Pammy's* Figure, have been somewhat sprightly in our Remarks upon her Transmutation — and she, poor Thing, not us'd to that Spirit in Conversing, had no other Hope to extinguish the Fire of our Raillery, but by Tears—ha, ha, ha!

*Belv.* What you term Raillery—I find was Insolence; for, all thy poor Attempts toward Wit, her slightest Breath had blasted in their Birth.

L. Dav. Brother, Brother, — I am sorry to find my Relations are thus treated with Contempt for this worthless—

*Belv.* Hold, Madam — By Heaven! the Worth of half your Sex, weigh'd in the Ballance against her's, is light and inconsiderable—

L. Dav.

L. Dav. O doubtless, Sir, the Worth of a favourite Mistress is inestimable, in the Opinion of her Admirer, at least while the deluding Bait of Novelty continues, and the Nymph's adorable Charms remain in Bloom, and unfaded.

Belv. Tho' Female Envy must allow the personal Charms of Pamela, yet the Beauties of her Mind so far exceed 'em, they stand in Rivalship with the most Correct and truly Elevated of our Sex.

L. Dav. Yes, yes, she has given Elevated Proofs indeed of a prodigious Correct Mind, in choosing rather to make you Guardian of her Honour and Innocence, than keep Possession of 'em herself.

Belv. She has, Madam, in the justest Sense, made me Guardian of her Honour, I am her Husband.

L. Dav. Husband!

Belv. Yes, Madam, and prouder of the Name, than all the empty Pomp that Fortune, Birth, or Title can bestow.

Smat. Sir, I go Post from London To-morrow Morning; do you choose Lodgings in Moorfields, Chelsea, or Bednal-Green

Belv. Hence, thou Trifler.

Smat. Raving by Endymion! and positively may be mischievous, therefore 'tis prudent to withdraw, till his Fit cools, egad. (Aside) (Exit)

During this Time Lady Davers appears greatly disorder'd, and views Pamela with great Anger and Contempt—sits down, takes out a Smelling-bottle, then a Snuff box.

Pam. My Presence, Sir, I perceive, but more increases the Indignation, Lady Davers is thus suddenly alarm'd with; therefore beg Leave to withdraw, least I prevent a Reconciliation I must ardently desire.

Belv. Your Prudence and good Sense have only prevented my Request—that you might not be disturb'd with her outrageous Insolence and Pride—I'll wait on you in the Garden immediately, my Life.

(Leading her to the Door)

[Exit Pam.]

L. Dav. What! is she gone? you did well to send her out of the Way—for by the Infamy she throws upon our Blood—I—I—

Belv. Cease your idle Threats Virtue and Innocence and Lustre to the noblest Blood.

L. Dav. Your Part on't wants Meekness and Humility—they wou'd make you New-like me; this lovely Creature's Merit



rit, as it stands enrich'd by Nature, is regardless of the Gifts of Accident or Fortune.

L. Dav. Provoking Folly, and do you really imagine, Sir, this pretty Romantic Encomium upon Nature, and her fiddle-faddle Gifts, will make any Atonement for the eternal Blame thrown on the Honour of our Name and Family.

Bel. I well know you have been fatally misled, by too many Precedents, to conclude Pride and Haughtiness, the chief Characteristics of Name and Family.

L. Dav. Yes, Sir, I shall to far persevere in that Error—never meanly to acknowledge as my Relation any mean pitiful—

Belv. By Heaven! if you but whisper one the slightest Accent may reflect on her, I have thought fit to share my Name and Fortune with, that Moment is the last you ever shall be call'd, or even remember'd as a Sister—Farewell.

(*Going.*)

L. Dav. Stay, I conjure you (*bursting into Tears*) Alas! my Brother, you too severely load me with the Charge of Pride—while thus, behold! your warm Concern, and sharp Resentment, subdues its utmost Force, and change to Tenderness its boasted Strength.

Bel. Prithee no more, I am convinced those Violences of Temper, that so frequently break out, are more contracted by Habit and ill Example, than any natural Tendency in your Disposition; and be assur'd, my Dear, when you are thoroughly acquainted with *Pamela's* great Worth and Merit, you will readily confess I have the fairest Prospect for a considerable Series of social Happiness, the chief Blessing of the married State.

L. Dav. I have, as well as you, a very high Opinion of *Pamela's* Merit—Yet—

Bel. Beware of a Relapse, let me entreat you, follow her into the Garden, and now your Passion somewhat subsides, I am convinc'd the Force of her good Sense, and winning Affability in conveying that Sense, will quickly banish your false Punctilio's of Birth and Family.

L. Dav. If they shou'd fail, the tender Wishes I must ever have, to hold a Place in your Affections, shall henceforth govern all my Thoughts.

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Arnold*.

*Arn.* May it please your Honour, Master *Andrews* is without, and presses very hard to see your Honour.

Bel. Ha! Mr. *Andrews*! admit him immediately. [*Exit. Arn.*] This good old Man, no doubt, is come with a heavy

anxious Heart, apprehensive of his Daughter's Ruin, 'twere best I think to leave the Pleasure of undeceiving him to her, because 'twill so agreeably encrease the Joy.

Enter *Andrews*.

Good Mr. Andrews, your Servant; I am extremely glad to see you.

Andr. I thank you, Sir— Pardon my Impatience, Sir— where is my Child?

Bel. I believe i'th'Garden.

Andr. She's well, I hope?

Bel. O! never better—gay as the Spring, and beautiful as ever.

Andr. I am not solicitous to know in what Condition the Beauty of her Person stands, provided that of her Mind is still perserving unblemish'd.

Bel. Sure, Mr. Andrews, you don't imagine she has any Examples in my Family to corrupt it?

Andr. I hope there are not, Sir, but pardon me, if the fond Tears of an indulgent Father struggle against that Hope, and gush with silent Anguish from my Eyes. (*Weeping*.)

Bel. 'Twere cruel longer to continue him under this Anxiety—— who waits there?

Enter *Arnold*.

Let *Pamela* know I desire to see her.

Arn. She and Lady *Davers*, Sir, are here—

[*Exit*.]

Enter *L. Davers* and *Pamela*.

Bel. Here's a Stranger, *Pamela*——

Pam. My Father! (*Running to him and kneeling*.)

Andr. (*Turning from her*) Wou'd I were not.

Pam. Alas! what mean you, Sir?

And. View thy own sumptuous Dress—— and tell thy self my Meaning.

Pam. Oh! my lov'd Father, banish your Fears, nor think your Daughter's Innocence the hateful Barter for this costly Habit; 'tis made the *Purchase*, not the *Exchange*; for know, this worthy Gentleman, won by my constant Firmness to the virtuous Principles your Goodness early taught me, has rais'd me justly to the Honour of his Bed; I am his Wife.

Andr. How shall my declining Strength support this sudden Food of Joy! O my Child, my Child!

(*Weeping, and embracing her*)

Belv. Is not the Power of thus rewarding virtuous Truth, my Sister, the noblest Pride the Heart can boast.

L. Day.

L. Dav. Believe me, Brother, I want no Argument to enforce its Truth.

Andr. My Surprise and Joy too long prevent my Gratitude.—O worthy Sir, what Words, what Thoughts sufficiently can pay——

Belv. The amplest Payment is the Blessing of that honest upright Heart upon his happy Union.

(Takes Pamela by the Hand, and both kneel.)

Andr. Spare me this Confusion, Sir; receive it in my Wishes, I have not Words.

(Raising 'em, and turning away)

Enter Smatter with a Paper.

Smat. Ha, ha, ha! by *Astræa* and her Scales, ha, he, ha! the drollest and most consummate Piece of Justice, ha, ha, ha! the Goddess, Madam, [to Pam.] points you out as her peculiar Favourite; for she has not only wrought the Confusion of your inveterate Enemy, but also the Conversion of your most devoted humble Servant.

Belv. What mean you, Sir?

Smat. Why, in the first Place, Sir, a worthy Gentleman, by giving me the most prevailing as well as pleasing Detail of this Lady's amiable Conduct and Qualities, has made me a sincere Convert to Women of Honour and Virtue—And this Paper, Sir,—this Paper, left by your Valet de Chambre, *Cole's* and, will humourously describe the Punishment so justly inflicted on that venerable Matron Mademoiselle *Jewkes*.

Belv. Pray oblige us, Sir, with reading it.

(Here Smatter reads the Letter.

My dear charmante Wife,

**I** Send a you dis Lettre, to let a you know you sal never see me any more, upon my Vard—I do confess I have married with you, and auci, I do confess dat de Marriage is a grande Engagement; but I no tink dere is great Mal to break de grande Engagement, ven it is very apropos—I have told a you, plusieurs fois, dat you had great Beauti and Temptation about you; which, en verite, was your Move—And now I have got dat in my Possession, de reste of Madom *Jewkes* may allon au Diable—Dat is more French Politique for you. I have a very good Wife in my own Country, and thirteen little pretty Enfants, all like myself, which your good Guinea sal make alive fort bien: If you can persuade any great Fool to marie you vidout de Portion, you have my

*Consentiment, de tout mon Cœur ! For, upon my Vard, Madam Jewkes, you are a damn'd heretique old Vitch, and are more proper for Monsieur de Devil, dan for*

*Your tres humble Serviteur, at a Distance,*

JACQUES COLEBRAND.

Bel. I cou'd wish this evil Woman's Punishment had been accomplish'd, without the Addition of another's Crime.

Pam. Give me Leave to intercede, she may not, Sir, be wholly destitute-----lest Want prevent that Penitence your Clemency may win.

Bel. How exalted is the Mind preferring Mercy to Revenge !

*Enter Mr. Williams.*

Sir, that I might contribute as much as possible to enlarge the Pleasure so general in your Family, I have prepar'd a little musical Entertainment, in which your Neighbours and Servants have desir'd to be employ'd as Performers, and they now wait your Commands.

Bel. Whenever they please, Mr. Williams,

*Dance here.*

Sir, I am greatly oblig'd to you, and most particularly so, in becoming the happy Instrument of discovering to me the inestimable Merit of this lovely Woman, which I had before too lightly view'd.

*The Indian thus, with wanton Dalliance play'd  
O'er the first Diamond, be by Chance survey'd ;  
But when its hidden Fire, like Day, broke forth,  
And blazing prov'd its fix'd intrinsic Worth,  
Like me, its latent Beauties be explor'd,  
And what before be priz'd, be then ador'd.*

EPILOGUE.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. GIFFARD,

HOLD, Critics, what's your Sentence e're  
you go? }

Say, is our Bard pronounc'd an Afs or no?

Or do you wisely nod your Heads, and cry so so!

Well, entre nous, I think him strangely dull,

A senseless, stupid, antiquated Fool!

Was ever such another Blockhead seen!

To chuse a Servant for his Heroine!

Gad, on our Sex a general Satire's thrown, (own.

Who love more cheap to part with—what's their

If this should pass, all Womankind must fear,

For none will purchase, if the Sale's so dear.

Unhappy BELVILE! What a Wife!--Protect her!

No doubt he'd often have a Curtain-Lecture:

Besides, a Girl so over-fond of Grace,

Might be devout in an improper Place;

And pour forth Sermons from her fervent Mind,

When the poor Man's quite otherwise inclin'd.

I promise you, I've try'd my utmost Art,

To wipe these musty Tenets from his Heart?

But he's resolv'd to give the World the Lye,

And like his PAMMY, conquer Vice or die.

So let him fall; unhappy, little Bays!

But first I'll tell you what the Ninny says.

He knew his Judges and he wish'd to find,

A Theme might justly please a *British* mind

A Tale, which *Albion's* Sons might deign to hear,

And without shame, let fall the pitying Tear.

If then these well meant Scenes have Power t'impart

One Moment's Pleasure to the virtuous Heart;

If humble Truth and Innocence can move

Your souls, like BELVILE's to reward and love,

His artless muse in after-Times shall sing

These noble Topics on a bolder Wing;

And the warm spark your breath has help'd to raise

Collect its fires, and mount into a Blaze.

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